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I don't take any stock
in this silly nonsense,
about working for anybody's
good but OUR OWN.

When we make a
move, we do it be-
cause it is our in-
terest to do so.

I Always find the
Anti-Monopolists
Come the Cheapest



"THE PUBLIC BE DAMNED!"

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Now you've got it. Now, we hope, you're satisfied. You have invited it in every way possible, for weary years. You have turned away your heads in indifference, which was not much better than bowing them down in submission. You have permitted the aggression, the oppression, the insolence of an unprincipled class of men to grow and wax great on your carelessness and your fear, until their arrogance has passed all bounds. It was of no use for us to cry to you that you were slipping your stupid heads under a yoke heavier and more grievous than any tyranny of European kingcraft. You smiled in a superior manner. Oh, yes, you did, you great and all-powerful American Public. And now the most blatant parvenu of the lot tells you to "be damned."

And it is so entirely unnecessary, that brutal speech of his. Why, you are damned, already. And only a week or so ago, a lot of you were killed, in a smoky tunnel on Fourth Avenue, ready for the damnation. Yes, and the living are scarcely less thoroughly damned. This man and the men like him have their heels upon you. They transport you like cattle over their railroads; they rob you of your money; they increase your taxes; they have girded you about with a protective tariff which gives them the power to charge you twice its worth for every stitch of clothing on your backs. They keep you poor; they keep you under bad government. Your legislators are their tools. At the lifting of the little finger of the least of them all, you are taxed, you are assessed, your property is confiscated without process of law. Almost every outrageous abuse in our social and political systems is traceable to the apathy of these men as citizens or to their vicious greed as monopolists. We have told you these things many times. They are simply facts. You have put them aside so far. Had you opened your eyes, you would have seen them in their naked horror. You would even have been moved to act; and with you lies the power to act, and to act so as to put an end to the whole series of wrongs. Now, perhaps, that

you have been told you may "be damned"—well, an insult may pierce your hide. You did behave like men when Tweed used almost as insolent a phrase, and you had a spasm of virtuous indignation when a wretched murderer of the slums told you that "hanging for murder was played out in New York." What are you going to do about it now?

Space occupies a pretty extensive area. We do not know its exact limits, because the survey is not quite completed; but what is in easy view of the ordinary optics of humanity is large—at least large enough for us to see a great number of objects that occupy it. Much room is taken up with politicians, by Wall Street and railroad men—especially by one or two large objects, such as Mr. William H. Vanderbilt and Mr. Jay Gould. Now, we remember that Mr. Jay Gould is not a large man, but we referred metaphorically to the bulky wealth of these gentlemen.

But the real prominent objects in the firmament, at least those that afford the greatest pleasure and amusement to mankind, are the

THE LITTLE GIANT.



ALEXANDER (H. STEPHENS) THE LITTLE WEEPS THAT HE HAD NOT MORE VOTES TO CONQUER.
Stephens carried Georgia by over 50,000 majority.

stars, planets, constellations, comets, meteors that pursue the even or erratic orbit of their way histrionically and lyrically. A large majority of our citizens are astronomers in this respect. For one who gets up at four A. M. to inhale the early morning air and inspect the comet five hundred will rush with frantic haste to hear Patti go through her great nightingale act, or Salvini, as *Othello*, commit hari-kari on his throat.

PUCK, therefore, takes delight in presenting to his readers a celestial chart, laid out with the object of marking the principal stellar attractions and constellations. It may not be arranged in a way strictly in accordance with astronomer Kepler's laws; but it is too bad if in a free country a man may not lay out an astronomical chart as he pleases without reference to the musty-fusty rules of conventional science. And so PUCK's astronomer, Keppler, exhibits his chart in his own way, and is prepared to put up with the consequences. We know that Mr. Proctor will set about writing letters to the papers to prove that there are no such planets, or stars, or constellations, or comets as are represented in our cartoon.

But we simply don't care for Mr. Proctor or his science. There is a great comet that is now about sweeping across our heavens. It is called the "Langtry." It was discovered by Mr. Albert Edward, better known as the Prince of Wales, and our attention is called to it by astronomer Abbey. The head is well-defined, and is, by some, considered very beautiful. Through the gauzy texture of its radiating train may be seen other stars shedding their effulgence over the American world. Here may be viewed through PUCK's telescope, with PUCK's original nomenclature, Apollo Carleton, Aurora Ada Rehan, the Raymond-Sellers planet, and the Rip Van Winkle fixed star. Pallas Rose Coghlan may also be observed, as well as a host of others—including the Gallic meteor, Théo—too numerous to catalogue.

The tide has turned with a vengeance—a great deal of Republican territory is under water, and the flood is rising all the time and drowning those who have betrayed the public interests. What Ohio has done with such emphasis will probably be done by New York, by Pennsylvania, by Indiana, by Massachusetts, and where then will be that large Republican majority we hear so much about, which caused Republican politicians to suppose that they could do just as they please? They are now beginning to find out their error, that the great body of the people, while owing a deep debt of gratitude to the party, will not at the same time allow it to cheat, to swindle, to make nominations by means of forgery. We don't mind confessing freely that there are many Democrats who are quite able and willing to do all these things; but as a long time has elapsed since they have been in power, it may be as well to give them charge of things until there is time to form a new independent and non-stealing party. In the meantime let the good work of the punishment of the Republican party for its shocking misdeeds go on.

The Weather Bureau is rapidly gaining a national reputation for making errors, which should immediately place it within the pale of criticism, and cause all veracious people to regard it with suspicion not unmixed with contempt. The Weather Bureau advertised a cyclone for one evening last week, and great was the rejoicing of the people. Persons who were unable to secure food went into ecstasies of joy over the announcement, and at the hour down in the bills they thronged the leading thoroughfares and parks to get a view of the distinguished visitor. But all the platforms were erected in vain; the cyclone didn't arrive. It is not known whether the train broke down, the cyclone became intoxicated on the way, or was not paid its last week's salary, and refused to perform when it was time to ring up the curtain. All we know is that it didn't arrive, and the committee was unable to secure a substitute, and every one was sorely disappointed.

Now, why isn't the Weather Bureau indicted and made to suffer? Why does it advertise what it will do and not do it? Are we not a patient and suffering people? Do we not appreciate everything that is wonderful? Are we not sensitive to the subtle strings of disappointment? Yes, we are; and that is why we howl. The Weather Bureau ought to can weather and sell it. Then we might have the kind of weather we want, and could empty it in our houses and be happy. But, as it is now, we are always disappointed, not only in insignificant rains and medium mists, but in cyclones also. Yet if the cyclone is lost, why then are not the politicians searched? Perhaps Ben Butler has stolen it to take to Massachusetts to raise the necessary price in his own behalf during the present gubernatorial campaign.

PUCK'S OWN HUNTING AND FISHING ACCIDENTS.

Our exceedingly E. C., the *Sun*, favors its readers, from time to time, with dozens of queer stories about animals, suicides and crimes. It has recently added to this department of literature a number of items of hunting and fishing accidents. As it is not in accordance with our practice to allow even a daily paper to get ahead of us, we fling forth into space the following gems of truth relating to hunting and fishing. They are facts that no other paper has been able to get possession of:

A PAINFUL FRATRICIDE.

Two brothers named Roscoe Conkling and David Davis amused themselves, one day, by riding bicycles on the boundless prairie. The machine suddenly exploded, killing Roscoe Conkling, politically, and knocking David Davis into an oilmargarine factory. The jury returned a verdict of "temporary bibliomania."

A CAUTION TO THIRD TERMERS.

General Grant, in endeavoring to bag the Presidential nomination for a third term at the Chicago Convention, received a metaphorical black eye, and he has ever since required 306 medalists to keep the iridescent optic up to the standard of stalwart republicanism.

WHAT THEY CAUGHT.

The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, of Plymouth Church, and Dr. Mary Walker, the trouser apostle, went out fishing in the neighborhood of Salt River. They caught a brook trout which weighed 285 pounds, and was sold to several boarding-houses for the construction of the regular fish-cake. This success has induced Mr. Beecher to retire from the Congregational Union.

DEMOCRATIC AFFECTION.

General Butler went out eagle-stalking the other day, in a catamaran, on the broad bosom of the Atlantic Ocean, when his craft came in contact with a Democratic majority which landed him high and dry in the State House. He was well taken care of and provided with a change of raiment.

HOPELESS SPORT.

A shower of bricks induced John Kelly to enter a Third Avenue corner gin-mill, where

he passed his time in endeavoring to convince the bar-tender and several patrons of the establishment that there was one man in the world who was well fitted to be Mayor of New York, and his name was John Kelly. The argument was not finished when we went to press.

A DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.

A gentleman, well-known in political circles, being anxious to bag a Republican gubernatorial nomination for his friend, received, by some unfortunate mistake, a telegram, which, after undergoing microscopical examination, proved to be a forgery. So chagrined is the gentleman at the unfortunate occurrence, that he and his friend contemplate retiring from political sportsmanship for the remainder of their existence.

ALMOST A WATERY GRAVE.

John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, while attempting to catch whales in the 42nd Street reservoir, fell in and ruined his new hat (Lox's \$5) and suit of clothes (Jestup \$35), but this *contre-temps* will not interfere with his challenge to fight Patsy O'Lynn, rules of London Prize Ring, for \$500,000 a side

A DISCREPANCY.

An overcoat's self-respect is entirely dependent on its collar, providing, of course, that the collar is made of velvet. The longevity of cloth and velvet are very different. The rabbit doesn't live as long as the elephant, the jaybird doesn't live as long as the cockatoo, and it is seldom that the cockatoo attains to the great age of the average Spring chicken; consequently a velvet collar should not be put on a cloth overcoat. After the coat is worn a year it is as good as ever; but can the same eulogy be conscientiously pronounced upon the velvet collar? Oh, no. By that time the collar has a sort of dainty rime on it that would cause an unprejudiced observer to imagine the coat to be an antique one. Besides this, all a man's spare dandruff seems to go for that velvet collar by instinct, and that all has an alarming tendency to add to the age of the coat. That is why it is as absurd to put a velvet collar on a cloth overcoat as it would be to put a cloth collar on an opulent velvet overcoat, or a seal-skin bosom on a dress, or natural hair French heels on a pair of dancing-pumps.

INDIANA IS BOUND TO BE SAVED, ANYWAY.



NO DOUBT ABOUT IT AT ALL.

Puckings.

POLITICIANS MAKE bad witnesses. They construe too literally the order to take the stand.

IF NE'ER a hat your hatter yet has sold yer,
Go find some idiot who wants to bet on Folger.

"ARE YOU here to swear to the defendant's reputation?" they asked of the poet with the shoe-blackening on his hat.

"No," he said: "to my own."

NOW WHILE OSCAR still is by,
And the Langtry seats are rented,
We may quietly be contented
With a Sunflower and Lily.

WHEN A TRAMP visits the residence of a political candidate at present, he is told that the dog is dead, and is sent away with joy in his heart and a cold canvas-back duck in his hand.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE wedded the Princess Olga—
Go marry S. B. Anthony, Judge Folger.
And in the style of royal orthodoxy,
Get wed by Mr. French's patent proxy.

THE KHEDIVE's myrmidons talk about getting rid of Arabi by giving him a cup of bad coffee. This is an accidental as well as an Oriental mode of torture to which all New York boarding-house keepers are much addicted.

OUT OF the seventh heaven of Mahomet
Cometh the Comet.
At early morn we gain our mansion's summit
To see the Cummit.
We're several miles, or several millions from it—
That long-tailed Comit—
Dom it!

SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN provincial exchanges, including the *London Punch*, have already remarked that the new bicycle monthly, the *Wheelman*, is going to have a great circulation. Four hundred and thirty-nine have printed "circulation" in italics.

NOW ACROSS the breezy brine,
With a beauty quite divine,
And a nose that may be sunburnt, but is innocent of freckles,
Comes the Lily of Jersey,
Leaving England on the lea,
And the object of her trip is to corral our love and shekels.

WE HAVE LOST all interest in the discovery of the North Pole, the squaring of the circle, the philosopher's stone, the principle on which plumbers' bills are made out, and secrets and mysteries; what we yearn for is the capture of the heartless miscreant who sent that forged telegram to poor Mr. French.

NOW THE wind 'll
Gayly kindle
Roses in Eugenia's cheeks;
Charles will to her
Come to woo her,
Fondly through the Autumn weeks:
Though devoted,
Un-top-coated,
In his Summer sack and breeks,
For his ulster
Once repulsed her—
It of Persian-powder reeks.

* And influenza
Checks his frenzy,
As his words of love he speaks.

SERENA, SHOPPING.

ON THE TRAIL OF WALT WHITMAN.



It was a rainy day. The Pleiades wept, And the mud in the street was simply atrocious. But nothing could keep Serena from going shopping. She had made up her mind to go, and go she would; And she went.

There is a place, at the corner of street and street,

Where, from the hill upon one side, and upon the other, Two streams, Tibers, of mud mingled with water, Flowing down, unite; and there is no bridge—not a plank.

The valiant Serena, armed cap-a-pie— Chiefly pie, for it was immediately after dinner— Came to the margin thereof, and, looking out, yelled "Fury!"

But he who kept the crossing, boatman of soles, Charon, Was asleep in a saloon; for it was an off day with him. Only the ripples replied: the ripples of mud and water, The beautiful, fluted, pasty ripples That stratified at her feet.

Should she return home? forego shopping? give in? Not much!

Looking down at her delicate, impervious rubbers (A sort of digital pouch, you know, with a strap— Sandals yclept—around the heel,) She invoked the gods of the gutter and sailed in

On her toes, without compass or rudder or oar; (That is, at first—she did roar afterward.) She sailed in . . . she sailed in.

The saloon was quiet; the bottles in polished rows Stood on the shelves; Charon and the proprietor slept. Suddenly, as if all the fiends incarnate, born, bred And sent to Acheron from that den, had risen, With simultaneous yell, from the gridirons of Hades, A cry that rattled the boxes and separated The arsenic and the logwood in the whiskey, Rang through the room. Up sprang the proprietor, Up sprang Charon, and, rushing out in the rain, they Beheld Serena, mired midway in the crossing, Mired above her admirable ankles; and, sprawling Forward, with her hands in the mud, she was kicking Spasmodic, ineffectual little kicks, like a bull-frog Confined by the hind legs.

Straight to the rescue Sprang Charon, and in his footsteps carefully followed The saloon keeper. Taken up tenderly, (one on each side

Of her,) lifted with care, Serena—beautiful Serena!— Out of the mud, out of the water, rose like a sea-nymph, Dripping and rosy. Then the gallants, bowing, Wrestled with the umbrella to get the mud out of it; Stood aside, and she passed, queenlike, between them, Scraping with one foot; to keep the rubber sandal on, And inwardly lifting the lid of the cauldron of profanity Lest it should boil over.

PAUL PASTNOR.

WHERE IS the man who ever can hope
To remember to buy a cake of soap?

THE SONG OF SOLOMON—So hellep me gra-
shus, dot coat fits you like de baper on de valls!

THE COUNTRY CUREALL.



PATIENTS SERENADING THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXLVI.

A CRICKET MATCH WITH THE AUSTRALIANS.



Ya-as, although I am not desperately fond of athletic sports, I can gaze on a cwicket match without aw experienciencing any wearwy feeling, because it always wecalls to my wecollection the days when I used to play myself at

Harwow. I don't think that I excelled in any particulah bwanch of the game. If I wemembah arwight, I was a wetched field, an extwemely fluky and weak bat, and an inferwiah wound arm bowlah. I nevah played in the wegulah we-ahly Eton and Harwow match at Lords, and I feel assured that if I had been in the eleven, Harwow would have weceived invariably a terwible thrwashing.

At Cambwidge I dwopped it altogethah, but still I pwofess to be a judge of the game, and, as certain pwesshah was bwought to be-ah on me, I consented to cwoss a wivah in a steam ferwy-boat and see the Austwalian eleven play against eighteen fellaws chosen fwom cwicket clubs that exist wound about he-ah.

Of course it was a verwy hollow affai-ah; I could scarcely expect othahwise, faw Amerwicans do not take kindly to cwicket, and those who pwactice the game he-ah are pwincipally Englishmen.

The Austwalian fellaws have been victorwious in a numbah of first-class matches in Gweat Bwitain, and now they are on their way home *via* San Fwancisco.

I am fwee to confess that they are comparwatively fine playahs; but I am inclined to think that eleven cwicketahs could be picked in England that could thrwash them thrwee times out of four.

I was aw particulahly well weceived when I came on the gwound.

The Amerwican cwicketahs succumbed to Boyle's and Spofforth's bowling as if they were so many wotten sheep, and the wickets wattled against one anothah in one continuous aw click.

I persuaded the captain of the Austwalian team to put on weakah bowlahs in the second innings, in order to give the Amerwicans a chance, and not allow them to be beaten in a solitarwy innings.

My advice was followed with a satisfactorwy wesult, as the Amerwicans made a fai-ah score in the second innings and saved a little of their weputation.

There was verwy little public interwest in the mattah, because Amerwicans do not care about games that they do not undahstand, and, besides, it takes too long to decide a game of cwicket. They pwefere wesults that are arwived at wapidly aw.

WHERE IS the artist who can paint a toper's nose in water colors?

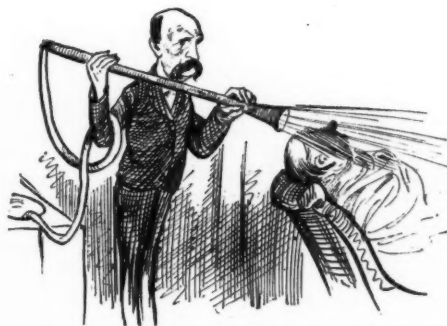
A rejected article is ne'er returned by PUCK,
But he hires it toted morgueward on a truck.

THE YOUNG MAN with the fewest hairs on his face is the young man who gets shaved oftenest.

Rejected manuscripts again PUCK states
He sells to Stockwell or in flames cremates.

A TIME-TABLE—Any table purchased on the instalment plan.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE PROHIBITION MOVEMENT.



Bay Rum Will Be Prohibited In Our Barber Shops.

HOW TO LIVE.

There is at present a two-column article going the rounds of the press entitled: "How to Live," and it seems rather strange that so much valuable space should be given to the discussion of a question that may be satisfactorily answered and disposed of in a very few words.

The proper way to live, if you would enjoy anything like a moderate degree of comfort and happiness, is to keep out of boarding-houses. There may be exceptions, but boarding-houses, as a rule, are the best places in this wide world to avoid. We have been there, sweet and gentle reader, and we know whereof we carol. In the first place you can't keep a match in your room unless you hitch a ball and chain to it. You never can remember to purchase a box, and, if you are not addicted to the filthy and pernicious habit of smoking, you never by any chance have one in your pocket. So you make it a point to help yourself to matches when you visit a beer saloon, and, as you visit a beer saloon a great many times every day, you manage to fill your vest pocket. You put these matches in your bureau-drawer, and the next night you go home you try to find one to light the gas, so that you may see to part your hair. But there is not a match to be found, and, as you go around in the dark, you rap your head against a closet door that is always open when you can't see it. Then you run your hand along the mantelpiece, and find a lot of matches that have already been used, and the first thing you know you upset a handsome vase and a French clock, and they both come down on your feet and almost paralyze you with intense burning agony. You imagine that the servant girl took some of your matches down-stairs, and that the man in the next room secured the rest to light his cigars and pick his teeth with. But you only imagine these things, because you will never know for certain.

Another boarding-house evil is the habit your landlady has of going into your room to have a nap during your absence at business, and the exceeding freedom she takes with your umbrella when you are not around. And then they always seem to have a habit of taking your Castile soap to wash the family dog with, but they haven't the forethought to remove the dog's hair from the soap before they return it.

And you always have to put dynamite in the pockets of your overcoat to keep it in the closet, and you have to nail your shoes to the floor to prevent them from walking out, and every morning before you go down-town it becomes necessary to lock your tooth-brush up in your trunk.

If your room is on the top floor, the cook will enter it in the evening and use your comb and brush; and, if the room happens to be a large one, the landlady will camp out in it during the day with the dressmaker, and they will



No More Snakes In His Boots.

lay the patterns on the floor like maps, and cut all sorts of things out and gossip until it is time for you to return. And they open all your papers and scrutinize your letters, and imagine you are deeply, desperately and hopelessly in love with every lady unto whom you show the slightest politeness and courtesy. When you hire the room you go into raptures over the opulent lace curtains that fall in delicate harmony before your windows, and three days after you wonder where they are.

NOT PROSE.

The wind of Autumn blows
Destruction to the rose;
It tints the sunburnt nose,
Among the leaves it goes,
And where the river flows,
It hints of Winter's snows,
And nips the news-boy's toes,
And chills the hungry crows,
Brings joy to Ikey Mo's,
With thoughts of pawned ole clo'es;
The dust around it throws;



And—shout your ah's and oh's—
It shows
The red, red female hose.



EXPIRING INEBRIATE:—"Water, water everywhere, and not a 'drop' to drink!"

The answer is, indeed, very simple. They are on the windows of the room that has just been let; but in a very brief period they will have departed from that drowsy bower also. After you have been a few days in your room, the easy-chairs vanish silently one by one, and are replaced by rougher, harder and cheaper specimens, and you don't find so many towels in your room, and the steel engravings of Sir Edwin's "High and Low Life" are replaced by the flaming tea-store chromos of the blue hen becalmed on her little ones, and Eros lying in the roses with nothing on to keep him warm but a pair of suspenders.

Then the children look all through your books, and turn the leaves over, and make soldier-hats on the men and moustaches on the women, and play ball with your pin-cushion. Then the pictures in the parlor are so vile, from an art standpoint, that you are ashamed to ask a friend to call on you, and the piano is always so badly out of tune that you have to cling to something for support while it is being played on.

There are generally a number of young people whose sole ambition seems to be to sing and "elocute," and no sane person can enter the parlor without being driven wild. There is another thing. The lady in the next room has a child that is guaranteed to burst forth in the wildest kind of a wild squall, and hold every note for a period of half a minute. And the worst of it all is that it requires more noise than the squaller squalls to stop the squaller. The nurse has to sing him "Nelly Blye," and she always gets the tempo wrong, and then pounds the floor with her foot for time, and the rockers of the chair creak and make more noise than a planing-mill. If it is necessary to make more noise than the yellor yells to still the yellor, why not let off a cannon at once, or play on a drum for it, or something of that kind?

But they don't do it, and that baby screams all night, and at the breakfast-table becomes unruly and throws a piece of meat across the table and lands it in your lap. The baby is so bad that no one loves it except its widowed mother, and no one treats it with kindness or respect except the gentlemen who have designs on the aforesaid widowed mother.

Then every one in the house knows, or wants to know, every one else's private affairs, and if you decline to eat pie on sanitary grounds the landlady is offended. Besides all this, they give you a Spring chicken so full of spring that the knife rebounds from it and hits you in the face, and, after that, when there is Spring chicken, you have to lay it on the floor on your plate and dance all over it with your skates on if you would cut it. But, as remarked before, "How to Live" may be satisfactorily answered in the words: Keep away from boarding-houses as you would keep away from any other pestilence. Selah!

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A POLITICAL ASPIRATION.

WHICH SHOWS JUST HOW THE SMALL BOY DOTHS REGARD THE SITUATION.

Once a little boy,
With his bosom full of joy,
Went to his sire
And sang:
"May I go forth and join the merry
gang
That builds the bright election
evening fire?"
"You are not tough
Or rough
Enough,"
Replied the sire:
"You cannot run,
Or climb the meanest fence
To escape the peeler when the fun
Doth commence.
The peeler would
Collar
You before you could
Holler;
Yes, he'd grab you by the jacket,
and he'd shake you up and
scrub
All the ebon ringlets off you with
the butt end of his club."

Then the boy did shove
His sleeve into his eye,
And began to sigh
Like a maiden disappointed in
love
Or a small boy disappointed in pie,
And he danced about and jumped
And grumped;
Yes, he jumped around
And found
Satisfaction
In that style of action.
He even tore
His hair,
And swore
More
Out of solid despair
Than he did for the sake of raising
a riot
To show his indignation at his
father's cruel fiat.

That boy is bigger now,
Since then he's danger braved,
And he's pretty near old enough
to be shaved
And wear his ebon ringlets in a
bang.
"Father, may I go out and join
the gang?"
The other night he sang,

Or rather did carol:
"The gang that appropriates
Boxes and crates
And the garbage barrel
To make the evening of election
One gay and blazing glory of red
hot perfection."

"I am the one that feels,"
The old man said:
"This is an age of political steals,
So go ahead!
Oh, go ahead, oh, go ahead," then
warbled the progenitor:
"And grow right up in politics and
be a U. S. Senator."

And when the red trees glimmered
in the wood,
And on the moss their draperies
did sprinkle,
When chestnuts on the brittle
leaves did tinkle,
And lovely women at shop win-
dows stood,
When in the lake the timid lily
slipped
Like flowery thoughts in seas of
happy dreams,
And lonely herons stood by
lonelier streams
That sing of raptures dead all sil-
ver lipped.

Oh, then that boy did drop
To the festive contiguity of the cop!
Oh, how he did knock the socks
Off the woman that watched the
ash-box
For fifteen or sixteen blocks!
And his success was great
In manipulating the crate,
And kicking over the barrel
And getting most of the contents
on his apparel.
Yes, he marched forth like a soldier
To gather fuel
To celebrate the cooking of the
gruel
Or the election
Of that so-called flower of perfec-
tion,
Folger.

Oh, he's learned to jump the fence
With activity immense,
O'er the picket
Like a cricket
Oft he flies with joy intense.

And the gay and festive cop
All his running quick doth stop
When that mellow
Little fellow
With a barrel off doth hop.

And the father at the door
Gives a most gigantic roar,
While proclaiming
His boy's aiming
For a U. S. Sena-tor.

And when election night
Arrives
And political heelers are spend-
ing their fives,
That boy will help to make the
highway bright
With a most alluring light,
That will
Fill
The bill
And make the voter feel as happy
as a big sunflower,
Or a medium-sized pansy or an
ordinary sour
Yes, make him feel as happy as the
time he was a soldier,
No matter whether voted he for
Cleveland or for Folger.

R. K. M.

A BIRD IN HAND, ETC.



FOLGER (a sly old dog) TO HOWLING STALWARTS:—"RESIGN? NOT MUCH!
I'LL FIRST MAKE SURE OF T'OTHER BEFORE I LET THIS GO!"

COLLEGE CONTEMPORARIES.

This is about the time of the year at which
we are requested to exchange with the many
college papers published throughout the land.

These papers generally have quaint names,
and an ultra lardy-dah flavor that doesn't im-
press our sensitive nostrils to an alarming ex-
tent.

The cover is generally what it lays itself out
on. Any one who can understand the average
cover, with its unearthly designs, ought to come
out and tell the public whether the *Century* is
really intended as a tableaux of a pan of angle-
worms, or Aquarius pouring milk from a milk-
can to make room for the customary dose of
water.

What we like most about these papers is the
Greek and Latin which is thrown in like a
chromo, without extra charge. And then the

cuts! Ah me! what exquisite fancies and deli-
cate conceits! what choice bits of frivolity!
And the captions! But we will say nothing
about them.

We will say that these papers are an invalu-
able guide to persons in need of bicycle and
rowing suits, cricket outfits, cigarettes and other
necessaries of every proper young man's ward-
robe. And then they are printed on elegant
paper, and that ought to satisfy the reader who
doesn't like the puns and is dissatisfied with the
pictures.

WE WILL bet our bottom dolger,
Cleveland's sure to lay out Folger.

Go to Salt Creek or Lethe, Judge Proxyite
Folger—
It was only the voice of oblivion called yer.

CURRENT COMMENT.

WE UNDERSTAND that a movement is on foot
among the milliners to assist women in getting
the right to vote, as in that case they will bet
bonnets and kid gloves and caramels, just as
men bet hats, and thus give the trade a boost.

IT IS stated that Saadi or Omar Khayyam
wrote with the bill of a nightingale. That is
nothing. Why did they not write with a plum-
ber's bill if they wanted cheap notoriety?

NOTHING IN this world makes a man much
madder than to wipe his shoes on a mat and get
more mud on them than they knew at the start.

KEELY WILL positively take out his patent
on December 10th. Hitherto he has confined
himself to taking it out of the stockholders.

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.



The period of the present comet may not have been very closely calculated, but when this queer luminary gets on the homestretch and passes the earth winning-post, it will in all probability still find the performance of "Young Mrs. Winthrop" going on at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Mr. Mallory and Mr. Frohman know what they want, and seem to be always sure of getting it. Mr. Bronson Howard adds to his reputation by his work. The story and plot are simple, direct and touching, and ought to appeal to everybody who has a heart the size of a pin's head. Miss Carrie Turner, the *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, makes a pretty, dignified wife, with a shadow of a streak of hardness here and there. From Mrs. Thomas Whiffen's excellent performance of *Mrs. Ruth Winthrop* no one would think that she had ever been a *Little Buttercup*. Mrs. Agnes Booth carries off the honors as *Mrs. Dick Chetwyn*, the dashing, thoughtless, wordily divorcee, widow and wife. Mr. Thomas Whiffen makes a capital, witty, old, friendly lawyer, *Buxton Scott*. Mr. Henry Miller makes the most of the young lover's part of *Herbert Winthrop* in a manly and gentlemanly manner, while Miss Maude Stuart, as *Edith Chapin*, personates winningly and sympathetically an unsophisticated and gentle blind girl. Mr. George Clark's *Douglas Winthrop* is the least satisfactory. He does not indicate sufficiently the delicate points of the character, so that it is difficult to know whether he is in fun or in earnest, or deceitful or truthful. "Young Mrs. Winthrop" is a teak-built, copper-fastened, nickel-plated MADISON SQUARE success, with all the regularly ordained and canonized trimmings in the way of setting.

"Mankind" was probably called "Mankind" because it has little or nothing to do with that species of animal. The title of the new piece at DALY'S THEATRE is likely to be just as misleading; but it is a widely different kind of play. "The Squire" is one of the most interesting dramas that has ever been on the New York stage, and cannot fail to have a long and successful run. Our daily E. C.'s have already told our readers the story, only leaving us to say that Miss Ada Rehan, as *Kate Verity*, the Squire, more than establishes her claim to be considered one of the best of American actresses. Mr. John Drew, always a good comedian, is troubled at times by the superabundance of tragedy in the part of *Lieutenant Eric Thorndyke*. Mr. James Lewis exhibits an unexpected amount of versatility as the old smock-frocked countryman, *Gunnion*, the father of thirteen and of one "desolate" character. Mr. Yorke Stephens's *Gilbert Hythe* is a manly but not a subtle performance. Mr. William Gilbert's *Izod Haggerstone*, a gypsy ne'er-do-well, is a clever sketch. The author, Mr. Pinero, must have had Mr. Charles Fisher in his mind when he conceived the character of the *Rev. Mr. Dormer*. Miss May Fielding does not make up young enough for *Felicity Gunnion*, but her singing is acceptable.

"The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," by Johann Strauss, is announced to open and fill the new CASINO with its melody to-morrow night. Catenhusen will handle the conducting rod, and Cottrelly, Perugini, Lilly Post and Greensfelder will do the warbling business, assisted by a chorus of sixty picked voices and forty-two musicians. The scenery will be something beautiful enough to write poetry about. Mr. McCaull, Mr. Townsend Percy and the Messrs. Aronson are interested in the production.

This is a great age for the American playwright. To commemorate the three hundred and ninetieth anniversary of the discovery of America, Messrs. Jessup and Gill have written a new play, in which Miss Minnie Palmer will appear next season—which reminds us that the actresses appear to be having it all their own way. Miss Bertha Welby is said to have scored a hit in "One Woman's Life," and Miss Gertrude Elliott is the name of the latest "society" star.

New playwrights, as well as political young men, are perambulating toward the front. Mr. Alfred Ayres has written a drama for Mr. F. F. Mackay, the excellent

character-actor and *Joe Heckett*, of the "Romany Rye." "There's millions in it," at least so *Colonel Sellers* says, at ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE. Mr. Gus Williams, as *Mishler*, in "One of the Finest," at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE, is of the same opinion. Gilbert & Sullivan again—a revival of the "Sorcerer," at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE. "Only a Farmer's Daughter" appeals now to the sensibilities of HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE audiences, as does "Sam'l of Posen," at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE. Mr. Maurice Grau's new French importations are at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, giving us the first representations in America of "les Contes d'Hoffman"—Offenbach's posthumous work—and other operas.

Answers for the Anxious.

Rejected articles here meet one common doom:
They're gently wafted up the everlasting flume.

HASELTINE.—Find a comet for her.

BEULAH.—We should have no objection to returning your opoponax manuscript, if we were not afraid that you would send it to somebody else. Editors are useful men, and should be spared to the world.

C. O'J. RATHBUN.—Comet literature is pretty cheap at present. Flights of fancy which compare the comet's extraordinary head with the extraordinary head of the young man who has been celebrating his coronation with a new hat over-night are quoted at from .05 @ .07½ for preferred stock. We ourselves are on the bear side of the market at present.

ETHRAD.—No, dearly beloved brother, it can't be done. Our readers are like so many innocent and helpless little sheep to us, and we cannot consent to blight their precious lives, and, so to speak, spread an intellectual dry-rot among them by printing your paragraphs. We have laid those firstlings of your brain safely to sleep in the waste-basket, wrapped up in rose-leaves and chloride of lime.

WILLIAM CAUFMAN DE CHAUMONT.—We publish your quatrain, not as a humorous contribution, but as a brief statement of a natural historical fact:

"The Billy-goat belongs
To the *genus capra hircus*,
And that is the reason why
He eats the bill of the circus."

The rest of the poem trenches on the department of our Goat Editor, and we cannot print it.

THE BAR "SPHINX";

OR,

TRANSCENDENTALISM IN THE WRONG BOX.

AGNOSTIC TO SPHINX.

(*Soliloquy.*)

"Thou art the unanswered question!
If asked the kind of rye
Slyly put in my cocktail,
Thy answer would be a lie!
Take, then, the quest through rotgut—
Hundreds of bottles spy!
Ask of you the class of their contents—
Yours is the false reply!"

SPHINX TO AGNOSTIC.

(*In Silentio.*)

Then uprose the angry bar "Sphinx,"
With blood in his optics wide;
He reached for the old bung-starter
Conveniently laid one side;
With a howl of rage he hurled it
At a nose which blossoms bore—
And, in just about one second,
Agnosticus rolled on the floor!

MORAL.

This tale has in it philosophic force,
If one could only find it out—of course!

F. W. P.

Our E. C., the *Modern Argo*, is no longer published at Quincy, Ill., but at Kansas City, Mo. The change of base has not altered the character of the paper, which is as lively as ever.

Although a large majority of the inhabitants of the United States have been occupied in reading PUCK ON WHEELS for the Summer of 1882—price 25 cents—many have found time to peruse "Pantaletta, a Romance of Sheheland," published by the American News Company. It is a clever satire, and is the work of a journalist who, for the present, withholds his name from the public.

ASSORTED ADVERTISEMENTS.

VII.



WANTED—Girls Who Are Good Shapers. Apply at Mill Ennery & Co.'s.

WITH PLEASURE.

October 11th 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK

Sir would You be so Kind as to forward to me an appropriate German Verse for a silver wedding to be held by my Brother by doing so You will be conferring a great on me

Yours Truly

C. FURST

With pleasure, Mr. Furst. We always like to forward the cause of true poetry. Forwarding German verse is just in our line. And when it is not only German verse, but "appropriate" German verse, it fills our souls with joy to come right to the front and burble over with the tenderly liquescent harmonies of poetic thought.

You want a verse for a silver wedding to be held by your respected brother, do you? Give your esteemed fraternal our best regards and tell him that we hope his silver wedding will be a gilt-edged success, and ask him how this will do for an "appropriate" German verse. It is supposed to hint at the early struggles of a young couple who have risen from poverty and a plain marriage to the affluence of a silver wedding:

Konstantinopolitanischerdudelsackspfeiffergesellschaft—
Marry and live in a flat and call for your coal down a well-shaft.

Konstantinopolitanischerdudelsackspfeiffergesellschaft,
Save up your cash and your friends will gather around you and give you a silver wedding the regulation number of years after.

Perhaps, however, there is something too much of a stately, majestic swing about that. Maybe your revered brother would like something more in this style:

Sauer-Kraut und Leberwurst—
This is the wedding of Mr. Furst—
Leberwurst und Sauer-Kraut—
See the presents all spread out!

Yet it may be that there is a shade too much idyllic simplicity about that last outpouring of our genius. We want to give your dear brother a choice. What does he think of this:

Bringen Sie Limburger und Schweitzer Käs',
Und like a Turn-Verein your voices raise;
Bring mir dot Spätzle, und dot goot Rheinwein,
Und Nudel, und dot Gulasch lieb' und fein,
Bring all dot feed vot efery Deutscher brings—
Und don't you bring no nickel-plated things.

This is a delicate hint to the guests which may prove extremely serviceable. It mars much of the pleasure of a silver wedding to have the silver wash off easily. But in case this one does not suit your excellent brother, we will give him one more to finish up on—a variation on a well-known poetic masterpiece:

Mister Furst he had a wedding,
I told you it gosh him tear—
It was a silber wedding,
For his silber wedding year.
Und his frents dey gaddered rount him,
Und vished him all goot luck,
Und he danked dem for deir presents,
Und read dem lines from PUCK.





THE HISTRIONIC AND LYRIC FIRMAMENT, 1882.

THE LANGUAGE SPOKEN BY RAILROAD EMPLOYEES.

We wonder why Ollendorf or Max Müller, or any other philologist, has never written a work on the peculiar language which railroad employees speak to the outside public. There can be no objection to these hard-working and honest people using their peculiar native tongue in conversing among themselves, but it is very inconvenient for the remainder of the human race who have neglected their linguistic studies.

Railway language is divided into several dia-



lects, but the purest, the Attic, the Castilian, the Tuscan, as it were, is the Eriese. We have been at some pains to give a few phrases, with the necessary translations, that may be of use to the traveler by the Erie Railroad:

"Saykrasernhojergwingswillcwox'nkawikwaw-kwaw!"—

Means: "Ladies and gentlemen, the train by which I am standing stops at Passaic, Paterson, Port Jervis, Lackawaxen, Binghampton, Hornellsville, and all points West!"

"Surngsenfresm!"—

Means: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are now at Turners, where we will stop for ten minutes to allow you an opportunity of procuring refreshments!"



"D'nohaftask'nducktr!"—

Means: "I regret, madam, that I am unable to answer your question, but I have no doubt that the conductor, who will come through the train presently, will be able and willing to afford you any information you may desire!"

"Le'thatthereseatalonewot'sdematterwityerdon'trytoturndemseatsover!"—

Means: "I beg pardon, sir, but I am bound to tell you that it is against the rules of this road for two seats to be turned so as to face each other, in ordinary passenger coaches!"

"Changeleanellsvilleorningiraegohsamptonquehannasburgvisnerskwawkwawkwaw!"—

Means: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is proper to remind you to change here for Olean, Hornellsville, Corning, Elmira, Waverly, Owego, Binghampton, Susquehanna, Narrowsburg, Port Jervis and Turners!"

Odd as is the Eriese dialect in construction and pronunciation, there is yet another variety of it which is peculiar to the waiter girls at Erie refreshment stations. It is even more difficult to acquire or comprehend than the original mother Eriese. We append a couple of sentences:



"Steercough?"—

Means: "Do you prefer iced tea or iced coffee?"

"Roseveestwokinballdamnmutnash!"—

Means: "Ladies and gentlemen, we can offer you to-day roast veal, stewed kidneys, boiled ham, and mutton hash!"

Any persons who are desirous of taking lessons in Eriese and other railroad languages can hear of an instructor, at \$20 a lesson, by calling at this office out of business hours.

FREE LUNCH.

NOVEMBER WILL bring a sockdolager
To you and your proxies, Judge Folager.

IN THE neighborhood of a certain lovely lady resides a tailor who makes a specialty of repairing. He says he could make an independent living out of half-soling trouser finals.

A LADY OUT WEST has a railroad sandwich which she puts in the heels and toes of stockings when darning. It is also used for a door-knocker and a familiar engine to knock the life out of trespassing boys.

THE OTHER day a man ran his umbrella through the bars at a wild animal. The animal stepped nimbly aside, and the man sat down in the mud on his face, and arose with more sense and fewer front teeth.

THE MAN with a cheap Derby hangs it on the peg, but the man with a Derby lined like a coffin and bearing the imprint of the swell hatter always lays it down so that he who runs by may read the legend of its maker.

YOU MAY live in a Fifth Avenue palace lifting to eternal Newport, you may own two or three railroads, you may ride in a coach with solitaire diamonds in the window-frames, but all the same, be you man or woman, you are not "in society" unless you own a Tam O'Shanter cap.

SHE TOOK THE VEIL.

At Macy's—Hour: 5 P. M.

She took the veil!—'twas at the twilight hour,
When eve her dusky mantle gently spread
Athwart the counters, and the gaslights shed
A yellowish hue of dim, uncertain power.

She took the veil!—most skillfully and sly,
When clerks were busy and cash-girls were flitting
From desk to counter, as indeed befitting
The trade's exactions and a prompt supply.

She took the veil!—unmindful of the "walker",
She saw not him who fixed his watchful eye
Upon her movements ever anxiously,
Awaiting only the right time to balk her.

She took the veil!—and, calmly, then arose
And turned to go—when sudden, sharp and clear
A voice rang out: "Policeman, quick, come here!
Here's a shoplifter! Come and search her clothes!"

F. W. P.

A FABLE.

THE CLERK AND THE SOLITAIRE.

A Dry-Goods Clerk, who Received a Salary of two Dollars per Week, one day Entered a Cheap Restaurant, and whispered to the Waiter to Fetch him an Adult Dose of Corned Beef Hash. The first Mouthful caused something to Grate against his Teeth; and what he at first Supposed to be the familiar suspender button, he found, to his Great Joy, was a Solitaire Diamond Ring which he Sold for Two Hundred Dollars, and was thus enabled to buy a Season Ticket for the Italian Opera, and so get Ahead of his hated Rival in Love.

The foregoing Fable teaches us that all things are not as bad as they seem, that our most Popular Bugbears sometimes have a Redeeming Virtue, and that many a Gem of purest ray serene may be Discovered in the Corned Beef Hash, which, though a Satire, is still worthy of being looked upon when it is Red upon the Plate. It also teaches us a possible Method of getting to the Opera without paying ten Dollars for a Ticket.

HICKORY NUTS.

MAXWELL'S CORNERS, }
Oct. 9th, 1882. }
Mr. Editor & Ladies & Gentle-
men:

In my last letter I sed that the Wimmins Sowin Surkle would Meat at our House on Wensdy. They did Meat, and by the Wust of Luk I forgot all about it, and got into the Dikins of a Ficks. This is How it happened. I was out a Plowin the west Lot that day, and took my Diner with me, becuz it was so fur away. I worked oncommon Harred & got tired to Death & want in no condition to entertain Co., even if I had ben Scrood up to it.

At six o'clock I come Home, stiffen a frozen fence Rale, and put the hosses into the barn, and Krald into the house for Super. Sary want in the kitchen, so, without onst thinkin, I Bust rite into the Settin room in my Shurt sleeves and over Halls, baithed in Pwespration The Minit I done it the Hull truth flashed acrost me. Thar sot about a dozen Wimmin & half a dozen Gals, sowin Shurts, Pants and Scandles.

"Why, Mr. Nutt!" they all Bald out: "How do you do? Come and set rite down. We was jist wishin for a Gentleman."

I was struck Dum for a Minit, and I felt so Meen and Mad that I was Sick to the Stomick.

"Parding, ladies!" sez I: "parding! I haint had no Super."

"Oh, thar will be Refreshments at ten," sez They: "Set rite down and entertain us—dew!"

Mis' Hopkins she Pitched a lot of Shurts and Pants offen a Cheer onto the Burow, and set the Cheer rite in the midst of the Surkle, and one of Hod Slicer's gals took me by the Eend of the Gallus and drawed me Forard, and Mis' Hopkins she pushed the Cheer under my kneeze, and I Sot. I ketched one Glimps of Sary's face. It was as red as a Beat.

She didn't say Nuthin, but went on Sowin as if for Deer life, and the rest of the Wimmin Pitched into me. I thought I had got done Swetin for that day when I left the Plow, but it started the Jews wuss to set facin them Wimmin than to draw a Furrer round a ten Acher lot. They asked me if I had ben gatherin' red Leeves and wild sun Flours, or had I Seen any Cat tails growin Luse in the field.

I told 'em the only Cat tails I had seen was one my dorg Bill got offen a Woodchuck that Noon, and I had brought it in my Pockit. Then I Hald it out to show it to 'em, and Low & Behold it was a Skunx arter all, and it smelt unyony. Even then They wouldn't let me git Out, though the pwespration was runnin' into my Ize and makin ditches in the Durt on my Cheaks. I cast my Ize down in dispare, and the site of my Big cowhide Butes, with all them leetle Wimmins Shooz in a Surkle around 'em, made me Grin.

"Oh, now he's goin to entertain Us!" sez Sally Slicer; and then she teetered rite Out, and they all teetered, and I felt so Meen and so Mad I had Good a Mind to git up & Nock off all their Waterfowls. Sary couldn't stand it no Longer. So she sez, in a Subdood and tremblin voice:

"Hickory, will you Pleeze go and git us a Pale of Watter?"

"Yes, I will," sez I.

TOO MUCH FOR HIS STRENGTH.



PUCK:—"THAT'S A POWERFUL WEAPON, BENJAMIN; BUT YOU'RE TOO WEAK TO WIELD IT WITH ANY EFFECT!"

"* * * there should be no tax whatever on the necessities of life, including in that term everything used by our whole people for their support, comfort and necessities."—Butler's Letter of Acceptance.

I never was so glad to do a Choar in my Life. When I got outen that room I amed too Kix at Bill, who was a settin by the door, and hit him with Both Feat, and he Yeld a dubble Baril Yel and tripped me up. I got the Watter, and the fust thing I did with it was to wash myself and change my Close and drink some Bred & Milk. I stayed out in the barn till the Men folks come at ten five, and then I went in and dancd with Sally Slicer, and stepped on her Korns sick's times, to pay for her Laffin at me.

The Sowin Surkle sogurned at half Past Midnite, and left their Shurts and Pants. I don't know whether I shall send 'em to the Heathen or not. If the Express comes Hi, I think I shall keep 'em myself.

Yourn respectively,
HICKORY NUTT.

A TRAMP SPEAKS.



I.
I am a tramp, a merry tramp;
I wear a broken hat;
The people think I am a scamp—
But, if I am not fat,
I'm jolly as the day is long—
My bosom's always full of song.

II.
Around the country how I shin
To catch my food and clothes!
My boots let all the water in,
Both at the heels and toes,
Yet I'm as jolly as the lark
That sings, yet never when it's dark.

III.
I wear no purple robe, nor crown,
Nor ride in palace cars;
At night I often lay me down
Upon the daisy stars,
And e'er the royal song I sing
Is: I am happy as a king.

ABOUT this time the rural dame goes out into the woods and gathers herbs for Winter use, in case of sickness. And, on a howling cold night in January, she makes some "yarb" tea for little Johnny, who appears "croupy," and a few minutes after the patient swallows the dose he shows signs of joining the angel band on the shining shore, and the boy's father is compelled to ride a mile and a-half through a driving storm of arctic severity for a doctor, who, upon his arrival, tastes the tea, examines the herbs, and informs the solicitous mother that she has got some poisonous weed mixed with her herbs, and the doctor's bill is five dollars. Every family should gather a supply of herbs.—Norristown Herald.

OLD Chief Pocotello, now at the Fort Hall agency, in answer to an inquiry relative to the true Christian character of a former Indian agent at that place, gave in very terse language the most accurate description of a hypocrite that was ever given to the public: "Ugh! Too much God and no flour."—Laramie Boomerang.

A MAN who lives up Pawtucket Street way, who has been wearing around a straw hat, came out yesterday with an old black Derby, in deference to the advanced state of the season.

Arriving down-town he was met and accosted by another Ward Five man, who sang out:

"Hullo! Got on a different hat, hain't yer? But I might have known, it's Friday."

"Friday? What's Friday to do with it?" answered our friend.

"Oh, I happened to think Friday is the day to set out ash-barrels up in our ward. That's all."—Lowell Citizen.

PERHAPS the casual reader has never sat down on a buzz saw and felt himself gradually falling away. If so, he doesn't know what it is to form the acquaintance of a somnambulist bull-dog in the prime of life.—Laramie Boomerang.

THE moralist says: "Every man is occasionally what he ought to be perpetually." Then again some men are perpetually what they ought to be only occasionally.—Picayune.

A MR. HAWLEY, of Fairfield, has received a patent for a ventilated shoe, although we do not see how he could, that shoe having been in general use for ages.—Danbury News.

Experience has taught the sufferer from Skin Diseases to recommend the Swayne's Ointment.

CASTORIA.
Life is restless and days are fleeting,
Children bloom, but they die in teething;
Example take from Queen Victoria
Children nine all took CASTORIA.
No sleepless nights from babies crying,
Like larks they rise in early morning.

ROPER'S INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE
to keys of piano and organ; will teach any person to play a tune in 15 minutes. Send 10 cents for sample copy. The Guide, with 20 pieces of music, \$1.
HEARNE & CO. No. 11 Frankfort Street, N. Y.

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.
Sole Manufactory: Belfast, Ireland.

THALIA THEATRE.
Nos. 46 & 48 Bowery. Nos. 46 & 48 Bowery.
EVERY EVENING.
GALLMEYER AND TEWELE.

READ'S GRAND DUCHESS COLOGNE.
MADE OF OTTO OF ROSES AND FRENCH FLOWERS.
Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents and \$1.00 a bottle.
WM. H. READ, Baltimore & Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.

THERE IS BUT ONE GENUINE

ESSENCE OF

Jamaica **GINGER**
in the market, and
that is

Fred'k Brown's

PHILADELPHIA.

All others are Imitations or
made to sell on the reputation
of the ORIGINAL, and may
do harm, while FREDERICK
BROWN'S, PHILADELPHIA,
will always be a blessing in
SPRING,
SUMMER,
AUTUMN,
and **WINTER.**

In all **STOMACH DISORDERS,**
For **SLEEPLESSNESS,**
For **SUDDEN CHILLS,**
When Drenched during the
EQUINOX,
When Cold in **WINTER,**
When Distressed in **SUMMER**
buy a bottle of your Druggist
or your Grocer for 50 Cents,
(insist on having the **GENU-
INE** given you—**FREDERICK
BROWN'S, PHILADELPHIA,**)
and you will secure an article
which will serve you well—
ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Established 1838.
PACHTMANN & MOELICH,



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In three shades: White, Pink and Flesh. Sold by all druggists.
25 cents per large box. It has a most refreshing and beneficial
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clearness, and while imperceptible after it is applied, its lasting
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stamps taken. **JOHN PETRIE, Jr.,** Proprietor,
110 Reade Street, New York.

THE BEST THE DUEBER WATCH CASE

"MR. JONES," began Smith, the other morning, as they met at the corner to wait for a car: "is it positively necessary that your son must play the accordion until midnight for six nights a week?"

"Not at all, Mr. Smith," was the prompt reply: "Not any more necessary than it is for your daughter and her beau to sit on the front stoop seven nights per week and keep us awake until one o'clock in the morning."

"My daughter, sir, has a perfect right to have a beau!"

"And my son, sir, has a legal right to play his accordion!"

"Gentlemen," began Mr. Thomas, as he came up: "I don't want to offend you, for we are all neighbors; but if you, Mr. Jones, would clean out your alley, and you, Mr. Smith, would poison your nuisance of a dog, I believe I should gain five pounds of flesh per week."

"Hello, Thomas!" saluted Brown from the rear platform of the car for which they had waited: "I have been wanting to see you for a week past. Your confounded old horse stands and stamps all night long, and none of us can get a wink of sleep. Just for a change and to be neighborly, suppose you knock him on the head with an ax!"—*Danbury News.*

THE following is said to have occurred in a colored Austin oyster saloon:

"What's yer lookin' for, Sam?"

"I'se lookin' for dat iceter you dropped jes' now."

"Don't worry about dat iceter, for you can't get it. I'se got my foot on it."—*Texas Siftings.*

DENIS KEARNEY, Sitting Bull, Arabi, Robert Toombs, Paddy Ryan, Mrs. Hayes's husband, Bristow and the Worcester Base-ball Club should organize a society of the obsolete. Pugilist Blair, of New Hampshire, will be ready to join it after the next senatorial election.—*Boston Post.*

WHEN the small boy in the near West asks his father if he may go to see "Jumbo," the father replies, anxious that his son may see the biggest curiosity: "No, my son, but, if you will be a good boy, I'll take you to see the Tariff Commission."—*New Haven Register.*

NINE out of ten brands of stomach bitters sold in Maine have been found to contain whiskey. Those who have used them would never have suspected such a thing if the chemists hadn't been mean enough to give it away.—*Philadelphia Kronicle-Herald.*

THE headlines of the *Philadelphia Times* got mixed up the other day. One reading: "More Nonsense than Wit" was put over a column of paragraphs including quotations from this paper, instead of over the leading editorial where it evidently belonged.—*Boston Post.*

THE Czar has become so courageous and self-confident during the past few months that he now goes to a tailoring establishment instead of a boiler shop when he wants to get measured for a new suit of clothes.—*Norristown Herald.*

\$3,000 Lost.—"A tour of Europe that cost me \$3,000 did me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."—*Auburn, N. Y.*

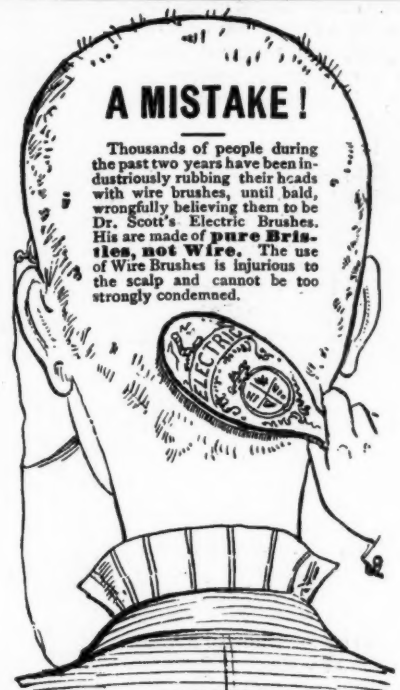
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From the President of the New York Life Ins. Co.
I suffered every morning for years from headaches; Dr. Scott's Electric Brush relieves them at once. I heartily recommend it.
MORRIS FRANKLIN.

Domestic Sewing Machine Co., N. Y.

Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush has absolutely cured my wife of neuralgia, from which she was a great sufferer for years.
HENRY BARTLETT.

Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush has stopped my falling hair, renewed its growth, and entirely removed dandruff.
J. F. DAVIS, Sag Harbor, N. Y.

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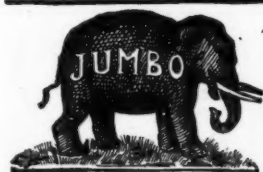
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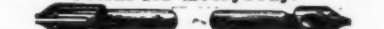
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A FAT bass was swimming around with her plump, young daughter one day, when a hook, temptingly baited, was dropped before their noses.

"There's a good dinner for us," whispered Miss Bass, as she started for the bait.

"Hold on, my child," cautioned the mother: "The bait is tempting, but beware of the hook which it conceals."

"Oh, I'll risk that."

"It will be the death of you. Take a mother's advice and hunt for frogs."

But the giddy young thing could not be convinced, and, taking advantage of the first opportunity, she rushed forward and grabbed the bait and—MORAL—You may think the fisherman caught her, but he didn't. He fished all that afternoon and didn't even get another bite.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE interior of Mr. Tilden's new mansion at Gramercy Park is to be decorated in such a manner that it will eclipse in finish anything of the kind in the country. So 'tis said; but unless the decorations include a loving wife to sew on his suspender buttons and so-forth, the statement is an exaggeration.—*Norr. Herald.*

THESE are the days when the young man, for the sake of a political party, will shoulder a torch and march a dozen miles or more without feeling tired, and yet he'd growl for an entire hour if asked to ascend the cellar stairs with a scuttle of coal.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

ELEVEN sophomores have been sent home from Lafayette College for hazing freshmen. This is pretty rough on their parents.—*Boston Post.*

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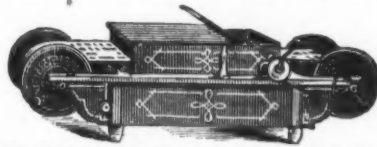
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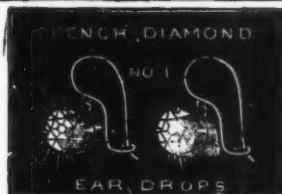
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TALK of the inferiority of woman! Why, a woman will run out for a five-minutes' call, and when she comes home she will be able to tell you everything that's going on in the village, that that freckle-faced Smith girl has got a husband at last, that they do say that young Snooks drinks awfully, and that Mrs. Brown's baby's teething, and all about Mrs. Robinson's new dress, Miss Pinkton's bonnet and the latest spat up to the Browns. But a man, the stupid! will be gone all day, and he'll come home and sit down with his pipe and paper, and if you get as much as a grunt out of him you're lucky.
—*Boston Transcript.*

AN exchange acknowledges the receipt of two books called "Matrimony" and "Heaps of Money," from Harper & Brothers. The publishers were very thoughtful. When a man indulges in "Matrimony" he feels the need of "Heaps of Money."—*Norristown Herald.*

THE other day the young Czar was discovered standing in one corner of his palace dodging big rubber footballs which his attendants were throwing at him. It is supposed that he was practising for his coronation.—*Philadelphia News.*

"JUMP up, Johnny, the schoolhouse is on fire," said an Austin mother to her sleeping son. "Is the school teacher burned up?"

"I guess not."
"Oh, pshaw!"—*Texas Siftings.*

VENERABLE, white-haired colored servants are the newest craze among families who live largely on their pedigree. And the shrewd darkey now gets his hair bleached and simulates infirmity.—*Boston Post.*

It has been discovered that alcohol equal to that made from grain can be produced from acorns. Wonder if that old oaken bucket did not have a little flavor that way.—*Exchange.*

"Oh, give me solitude."—*Walt Whitman.*
Get yourself nominated for President on the Greenback ticket, Walt.—*Philadelphia News.*

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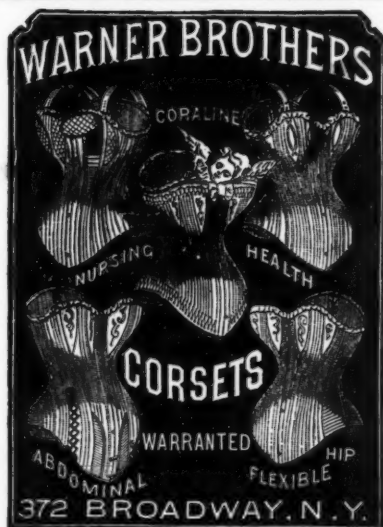
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It is asserted that some of the bags of dates which come to this country contain cannon balls weighing twelve and fifteen pounds. How much better than firing balls at us from the cannon's mouth it is to thus send them in a quiet, unobtrusive way! No blood is spilt, no bones broken, the sender finds it easier and cheaper than filling his bags exclusively with fruit, and the receiver gets full weight, and therefore cannot complain. This is, indeed, a fruitful cause for congratulation.—*Boston Transcript*.

NEXT Summer Jay Gould will make a bridal tour around the world. He will stop off at Laramie and pick up a hot spike at the rolling-mill, and then he will put it down and ask General Nock if the hen that lays those spikes isn't a little feverish.—*Laramie Boomerang*.

SOME one has discovered that the smoking of cigarettes has a most injurious effect upon the moustache. Young ladies who are addicted to the habit may become alarmed and discontinue the practice when informed of this fact, but we doubt it.—*Norristown Herald*.

IN all boarding-houses where there is not much else for dinner, it should not be considered impolite to send twice for soup. A boy grows fat on enough of what he wants, while style will starve a cat.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

When the skin is parched and freckled by strong northwest winds, and the face becomes dry and scaly, it can be restored to smoothness and good color by Dr. Benson's Skin Cure—a perfect remedy for troublesome itching and vexatious pimples.

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